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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840. NO. 1032.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 28.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT.

Having in a preceding article shown as I conceive the absurdity and injustice involved in the Doctrine of the Atonement as understood and explained according to the Calvinistic system, I will now proceed to give what I conceive, to be a rational view of this doctrine worthy alike of the Benevolence of God and of his Son, who was the voluntary instrument of effecting it.

Mankind at the time of the Advent of Christ were immersed in ignorance and sin, and it became necessary to devise and execute some plan by which their minds should become enlightened and their hearts purified. This plan was the Gospel dispensation. It was foreseen by God that unless such a plan was executed to recover man from the sinfulness into which the race had *voluntarily* plunged themselves, they would continue in this sinfulness and their posterity after them. And as a necessary consequence of this sinfulness, they would become the subjects of punishment. But that by the operation and influence of this dispensation, this sinfulness would be removed from a large portion of the race, they embracing the Gospel and conforming their lives and conduct to it. And as consequence also, they would escape the punishment that would otherwise fall upon them. To induce mankind however to receive this Gospel which was to save them from sinfulness and suffering, it became necessary that Christ should suffer and die. And this effect was to be produced, first, by the death of Christ leading to his resurrection, which was to be a miracle to operate upon the minds of men in producing a conviction of the truth of his religion, and secondly, by the impression it should produce upon the moral feelings of mankind, in awakening in them a sense of gratitude and love for him, and thus calling in the aid of these emotions to influence them to receive his religion. It is well known, that the sympathetic feelings are both the strongest and the purest of the human heart, and that more can be accomplished by enlisting them in favor of any cause than in any other way. It became important then to enlist these feelings in favor of the Gospel and its author; and this could be accomplished in no way more likely to be successful, than by the extreme sufferings and the ignominious death to which he was subjected.

These sufferings and death of Christ then became a necessary instrument to induce mankind to receive the Gospel. And by thus receiving the Gospel and obeying its requirements they would lose their sinfulness and escape from the punishment which would otherwise have befallen them. In this sense then, the death of Christ may be considered in the light of an *Atonement* for the sins of mankind, i. e., something endured by him to prevent something which would otherwise have been endured by them. It is not in the sense of an expiation, a substitution, a cancelling of their sins, as enduring the penalty of the law, which otherwise they must have suffered,—but as saving them from threatened punishment by the influence which these sufferings and death would have upon their hearts, and leading them into such a course of life as would not render them deserving punishment. Now whatever is done or suffered by one which in its effect saves another from punishment may in this sense be considered an *Atonement*, a suffering by one to prevent suffering by another. And this is not only a perfectly philosophical view of the subject, but is one altogether consistent with the wisdom and goodness of God, and worthy of his Son who became his instrument for the purpose. And it may truly be said, 'he bore our sins in his own body upon the tree, and by his stripes we are healed,' when the sins of mankind are to be removed in this way, and they are to be thus healed.

Suppose a father of a family who had a son plunged in vice and as a consequence suffering, in order to reclaim him had determined to appeal to the tender and sympathetic feelings of his nature. And for this purpose, had sacrificed all his property to pay the debts of his son, and had become the prey of sickness and death in consequence of his conduct. And the son being moved by the strong affection manifested by his parent in thus enduring and sacrificing so much for him, became melted in penitence and grief at his own conduct, renounced his evil habits and became a virtuous man. And instead of suffering the misery which vice would have entailed upon him in this world, became a happy man. Would not the suffering and death of the father be considered analogous to the sufferings and death of Christ in their influence upon the character and condition of his son? And is not this a rational way of explaining the nature and efficacy of these sufferings and death—and calculated to awaken feelings of love and gratitude to God for devising it, and to his Son for executing it—instead of presenting a mass of absurdity and injustice, in which the human mind can see nothing agreeably to its view of the moral relations of things, and at which the human heart revolts,—one that substitutes an absurd mysticism, for plain sense, and a blind and inexorable will for the wisdom and benevolence which remits punishment when its object can be accomplished in some other way. A.

[From the Catholic Telegraph.]

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

We extract the following from an article which appeared some months since in the Portland Orion, which forcibly illustrates by a reference to well authenticated facts, that man is never too old to learn.

Socrates at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take into their heads to thrum a guitar, under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learnt to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the fear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men at thirty and forty have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which, was necessary to enter college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young Lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius*, *scire facias*, &c. are English expressions. they will reply that they are too old to think of learning.

Boccacio was thirty years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are too old.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience, from that which characterised a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucuses or political meetings who was under forty years of age!

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and Law studies. How many of our College-bred men men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Dr. Johnson applied himself in the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French languuge, which might be learnt in the tenth part of the time required for the Dutch—and all because they are too old to learn.

Ludovico Menaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion noticed by Voltaire, who was himself, one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translater of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers, but for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great Lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuits, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to learn.*

In the splendid regions of the 'far west,' which lie between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, there are living at this moment on the prairies various tribes, who if left to themselves, would continue for ages to live on the buffalo which covers the plains. The skins of these animals, however, have become valuable to the whites, and accordingly, this beautiful verdant country, and these brave and independent people have been invaded by white traders, who by paying to them a pint of whiskey for each skin (or 'robe,' as they are termed in America,) which sell at New York for ten or twelve dollars, induce them to slaughter these animals in immense numbers, leaving their flesh, the food of the Indian, to rot and putrify on the ground. No admonition or caution can arrest for a moment the propelling power of the whiskey; accordingly, in all directions these poor thoughtless beings are seen furiously riding under its influence in pursuit of their game, or, in other words, in the fatal exchange of food for poison. It has been attentively calculated by the traders, who manage to collect per annum from 150,000 to 200,000 buffalo skins, that at the rate at which these animals are now disposed of, in ten years they will all be killed off—Whenever that event happens, Mr Catlin very justly prophecies that 150,000 Indians, now living in a plain of nearly three thousand miles in extent, must die of starvation and become a prey to the wolves, or that they must either attack the powerful neighboring tribes of the Rocky Mountains, or in utter phrenzy of despair rush upon the white population in the forlorn hope of dislodging it. In the two latter alternatives there exists no chance of success, and we have the appalling reflection before us, that those 250,000 Indians must soon be added to the dismal list of those who have already withered and disappeared, leaving their country to bloom and flourish in the possession and progeny of another world!—*Quarterly Review.*

SELECT SENTENCES.

A master should be sometimes blind; and a servant sometimes deaf.

When we leave this life, nothing of what we possessed here follows us into eternity; but the spirit, temper and views with which we sought, enjoyed, used, and parted with it.

As they who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health do rather impair it; so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, rather weaken it.

Prosperity procures friends; but adversity tries them.

It is better to be preserved in the brine of adversity, than to rot in the honey of prosperity.

Be not too venturesome in exposing thyself to needless dangers; for he that courts perils, shall die the devil's martyr.

The Dutch proverb saith, 'Stealing never makes a man rich; alms never makes a man poor; and prayer never hinders a man's business.'

An ungrateful mind is the devil's lodging house, supported with five pillars, namely, ignorance, pride, discontent, covetousness, and envy.

God loves the poorest saint on earth incomparably better than any angel in heaven loves God.

In conversation, aim more at God's honor than at thine own: the one is the character of a devil; the other, of a saint.

Turn a deaf ear to the backbiter: if thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter; if thou dost receive them, they fly forward and wound the receiver.

There is a time when we may say nothing; and a time when we may say something; but there never will be a time when we should say all things.

Particularly avoid three sorts of persons, namely apostates, angry men, and those who are given to change.

Men lose many excellent things, not because they want power to obtain them, but spirit and resolution to undertake them.

He that will not bear Christ's reproach, shall bear his own; which will be infinitely worse.

Sin received its sentence of death in the death of Christ; but it doth not receive its execution till the death of a Christian.

Four things we can never take the full dimensions of; namely, the evil of sin, the deceitfulness of the heart, the love of Christ, and the perfections of God.

When a Christian considers the goodness of God's ways, he wonders that all the world doth not walk in them: but when he considers the blindness, depravity, and prejudices of the heart in its present lapsed state, he wonders that any should enter upon them.

Saints desire so to meet with God, as to part no more; and so to part with sin, as to meet no more.

The Jewish proverb saith, 'If the world knew the worth of good men, they would edge them about with pearls.'

It was the saying of a great divine, built on long observation, that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people than ever he expected.

It is impossible for Christ to dwell by his Spirit in a heart that is under the habitual dominion of sin.

The covering of sin is like the keeping a serpent warm, which will sting the more fiercely.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

MALACHI.

The final predictions of this Prophet are well known for their powerful and lofty threatenings of national ruin. Yet the condition of his country at the moment, was unquestionably the last which could have justified any human conjecture of its dissolution by divine vengeance. The people had but lately rebuilt their Temple, had conformed to the renewed law of their fathers, had received the recovered Scriptures, and had commenced a new and purified polity. That there were remnants of the habits and corruptions of Babylonish life among them, is obvious from his rebukes, and those of Zachariah and Ezra. But those were slight stains, and the error which was predicted as the final source of their ruin—a ruin too, at the distance of four hundred years—was of a wholly opposite character,—the national disdain of contact with the Gentile world, the national pride in the exclusiveness of their religion, and the national vindictiveness against that Mightiest of all Teachers, and Supreme of all Sovereigns, who came to announce the admission of mankind into the privileges of Israel. Independently of our direct knowledge of the universal inspiration of Scripture, this utter dissimilarity to human conclusions must make us feel that this awful denouncement of the matured vices of a land, then in their first period of regeneration, was the work of a knowledge above man. Malachi is said to have died young, after assisting the members of the Great Synagogue in the re-establishment of the law of the nation.

'The day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble.

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'But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.

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'And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet, in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of Hosts.

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'Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.'—MALACHI, ch. iv.

A sound on the rampart,
A sound at the gate,
I hear the roused lioness
Howl to her mate.
In the thicket at midnight
They roar for the prey
That shall glut their red jaws
At the rising of day.
For wrath is descending
On Zion's proud tower;
It shall come like a cloud,
It shall wrap like a shroud,
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold! the day cometh,
When all shall be flame;
When, Zion! the sackcloth
Shall cover thy name;
When thy bark o'er the billows
Of Death shall be driven,
When thy tree, by the lightnings,
From earth shall be riven;
When the oven, unkindled
By mortal, shall burn;
And like chaff thou shalt glow
In that furnace of wo;
And, dust as thou wert,
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul!
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll,
No starlight shall pierce
Through that life-chilling haze;
No torch from the roof
Of the temple shall blaze.
But when Israel is buried
In final despair,
From a height o'er all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Her sun shall arise—
Her great Sovereign be there!

Then the sparkles of flame,
From his chariot-wheels hurled,
Shall smite the crowned brow
Of the god of this world!
Then captive of ages!
The trumpet shall thrill
From the lips of the seraph
On Zion's sweet hill.
For ventured in glory,
Thy monarch shall come.
And from dungeon and cave
Shall ascend the pale slave;
Lost Judah shall rise
Like the soul from the tomb!

Who rushes from Heaven!
The angel of wrath;
The whirlwind his wing
And the lightning his path;
His hand is uplifted,
It carries a sword;
'Tis Elijah! he heralds
The march of his Lord!
Sun, sink in Eclipse!
Earth, earth shalt thou stand,
When the cherubim wings
Bear the King of thy kings!
Wo, wo to the ocean,
Wo, wo to the land!
'Tis the day long foretold,
'Tis the judgment begun;
Gird thy sword, thou Most Mighty!
Thy triumph is won.
The idol shall burn
In its own gory shrine;
Then, daughter of anguish,
Thy dayspring shall shine;
Proud Zion, thy vale
With the olive shall bloom,
And the musk-rose distill
Its sweet dews on thy hill;
For earth is restored,
The great kingdom is come!

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own. While a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother affection! Oh how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests upon them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely, which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense, and overflowing, by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.—*Dr Palfrey.*

THE STUDENT.

He had toiled too earnestly and too long. Like an imprisoned bird, his spirit, struggling for a more perfect freedom, had beat against its prison bars, and now its earthly tabernacle was shattered. It is melancholy to see the decay, the gradual drooping, and premature death of the young and strangely gifted. How many hopes—how many affections clustered around and clinging to such an individual, are withered and crushed by the blow that lays their object in the dust? The altar is overthrown, and the offering profaned.

The student sat alone. His task was done. One pale cheek rested upon his emaciated hand, and his eye was fixed thoughtfully upon the volume opened before him—yet the page was to him but a blurred and confused mass. His mind was away among earlier days and brighter scenes. He thought of the past, and a faint smile lighted up for a moment his pallid countenance. There were hopes and joys, and aspirations, and anticipated triumph, that came thronging upon his soul in that brief retrospect, and his strong ambition woke again—to die!

The panorama passed. The realities of the present were before his eyes; and he sighed to think that the brilliant promise of his morning, had departed ere noon. The object for which he had toiled was unattained. Ease had been forgone, health sacrificed; the springing affections of his heart crushed down and strangled in their birth—but the prize he sought was still unwon. Oh! Fame, thou mocker of the sanguine heart! how much of life, and love, and peace, have been immolated upon thine altar—in vain! How few of thy votaries win the meed for which they toil!

Solemnly passed the night. The blushing dawn looked timidly over earth, and the birds were musical among the trees. Men came forth to labor, but the pale and sickly student came not with them. His labor was done.—*New Yorker.*

ZEAL.

Hardly any word in our language is more misunderstood or abused than zeal. True Christian zeal is a heavenly, gentle flame: it shines and warms, but knows not to destroy; it is the Spirit of Christ infused, with a sense of his love, into the heart: it is a generous philanthropy and benevolence, which, like the sun, diffuses itself to every object, and longs to be the instrument of good, if possible, to the whole race of mankind. A sense of the worth of souls, the importance of unseen things, and the awful condition of unawakened sinners, makes it indeed earnest and importunate, but this it shows not by bitterness and constraint: but by an unwearied perseverance in attempting to overcome evil with good: it returns blessings for curses, prayers for ill treatment; and, though often reviled and affronted, cannot be discouraged from renewed efforts to make others partakers of the happiness itself possesses; it knows how to express a becoming indignation against the errors and follies of men; but towards their persons it is all gentleness and compassion: it weeps (and would, if possible, weep tears of blood) over those who will not be persuaded; but, while it plainly represents the consequences of their obstinacy, it trembles at its own declarations, and feels for them who cannot feel for themselves, it is often grieved, but cannot be provoked. The zealous Christian is strictly observant of his own failings, candid and tender to the faults of others: he knows what allowances are due to the frailties of human nature, and the temptations of the present state, and willingly makes them; and though he dare not call evil good, cannot but judge according to the rule of the Scripture, yet he will conceal the infirmities of men as much as he can, will not speak of them without just cause, much less will he aggravate the case, or boast himself over them. Such is the nature of true apostolic zeal.—*Rev. John Newton.*

GOD'S PROVISION FOR MAN'S BODILY WANTS.

Is not all the earth our orchard and our granary, our vineyard and our garden of pleasure? and the face of the sea is our traffic, and the bowels of the sea is our vivarium, a place for fish to feed us, and to serve some other collateral appendant need; and all the face of heaven is a repository for influences and breath, fruitful showers and fair refreshments. And when God made provision for his other creatures, he gave it of one kind, and with variety no greater than the changes of day and night, one devouring the other, or sitting down with his draught of blood, or walking on his portion of grass: but man hath all the food of beasts, and all the beasts themselves that are fit for food, and the 'food of angels,' and 'the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth;' and every part of his body hath a provision made for it; and the smoothness of the olive and the juice of the vine refresh the heart and make the face cheerful, and serve the ends of joy and the festivity of man; and are not only to cure hunger or to allay thirst, but to appease a passion, and allay a sorrow. It is an infinite variety of meat, with which God furnishes out the table of mankind. And in the covering our sin, and clothing our nakedness, God passed from figleaves to the skins of beasts, from aprons to long robes, from leather to wool, and from thence to the warmth of furs, and the coolness of silks; he hath dressed not only our needs, but hath fitted the several portions of the year, and made us to go dressed like our mother, leaving off the winter-sables when the florid spring appears; and as soon as the tulip fades, we put on the robe of summer, and then shear our sheep for winter: and God uses us as Joseph did his brother Benjamin; we have many changes of raiment, and our mess is five times bigger than the provision made for our brothers of the creation.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

THE GROG SHOP.

There it is. The little grog-shop! ready to accommodate! Yes, in any quantity, proportioned to the means of the poorest customers, taking in pay the last pittance they have for bread, the furniture from their wretched garrets, the clothes from their shivering children, the very beds on which they are dying inch by inch. And this cannot be prevented? The wretches who deal out to these deluded, friendless, helpless beings, the poison of body and soul, destruction for time and eternity, cannot be reached by the laws of an intelligent Christian people? Preach it till you are weary. Let all the rulers and judges of the land declare it,—we will not believe it. While there is moral force in man, while there is civil government in the land, and a God ruling in the heavens, *we will not believe it.* Men, who are utterly dead to all other appeals, whose consciences are seared with a hot iron, on whom 'moral suasion' has no more effect than on stone walls,—men who will take a piece of meat in barter for rum from a drunken wife, when they know the poor husband has procured it with difficulty for his starving family,—men will inhumanly push a woman out of their own doors, where she has come to beseech them, with tears and on her knees, not to give drink to her brutal husband, and then will lure that husband to drink again, and drink till he dies, or murders his wife, and abandons his children to wretchedness and loathsome vice,—to say that such men cannot or must not be *restrained*,—why, you may as well break up society, and laugh at justice, and mock at humanity and its God.—*Rosanna, or Science in Boston.*

RIGHTS OF RUMSELLERS.

It amazes us, in this connection, to hear so much said of the rights of traffickers, and so little of the rights of sufferers. Every one must be secured from the invasion of his liberty and property, but no one can secure the morals of his children or the peace of his family from the most outrageous wrong. If a man enters your house and takes a silver spoon or a pair of shoes, he may be reached; nay, he must be immediately seized, and fined or imprisoned. But let that same man lure your son into a grog-shop, or, without any unusual allurement, give him drink again and again, till his limbs fail, his mind reels, and his soul goes to its account, all steeped as it is,—and the man must not be touched, or the many men who have wrought the destruction cannot be reached, and so they must be left to lure and destroy another and another. Which is worth most, a spoon or a life; a pair of shoes, or an immortal soul? We know very well, that it is easier to convict and control in the one case than in the other. But that we do not know, is that it is *impossible* to control in the latter case, and wrong to attempt it, lest it encroach upon rights and liberty. Are liberty and rights all on one side? Indeed, as to encroachment, what sort of consistency, what manner of regard for private property and liberty is that which enters a man's house, his castle, and tells him it must be cut in two, or pulled down, to suffer a rail road to come along, or make a street a little broader and then turns round, and tells him he cannot and must not be protected, in person, children, or property, from the greatest seduction that ever tried human weakness, and the most savage cruelty that ever jeered at human misery? While all this, be it remembered throughout, pertains to an article, which the judgment of the civilized world has pronounced wholly unnecessary, and always pernicious as a common beverage.—*Ib.*

A CRUEL WRONG SOMEWHERE.

There is a cruel wrong somewhere, and it falls with peculiar weight upon those whom we are most bound to protect and relieve,—the poor, the young and the tempted. There are inconsistencies thronging us on every side. Men talk of their liberty as above all price, and they are throwing it away, and stripping others of it day by day. They groan about taxes, and they tax themselves and the whole community enormously year after year, or suffer dealers and drinkers to tax them, for the consumption of that which they allow they do not need, and which brings upon their revenue, their energies, and all their resources, a burden to which every other is light. We pay largely, and resign no little of our freedom, for the protection which government extends over our property and lives. But when we implore rulers or citizens to protect us and our children from the decoys and pitfalls that are thick spread around us, or help us to snatch our brother from the merciless fangs of a monster in human shape, they tell us they cannot interfere with a man's business, they will not curtail his liberty, they must not hazard an election, they dare not enforce an unpopular law; and so they dig another pitfall at our very door, and multiply the lures all along our streets, and extend over them that same defence which they refuse us and ours! O, it is miserable mockery. It is blank sophistry. It is dreadful inhumanity. Where peculiarly the guilt lies, or what is the remedy, it is for others and all to consider. That there is guilt, every conscience that is alive feels. That there must be a remedy, every believer in God and Christianity knows.—*Ib.*

SELF-PRAISING.

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his worth. The conquerors in the Olympian games did not put the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it.

He that falls into a sin is a man; that grieves at it, is a saint; that boasted of it, is a devil. Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandeville writes of the Isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with hot iron, in token of honor—He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil. Many who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword, boast of their robberies, to usurp the esteem of valor. Whereas, first let them be whipped for their lying; and, as they like that, let them come afterward, and entitle themselves to the gallows.—*Fuller.*

MATTHEW CAREY AND HIS WIFE.

It would be well, if young men starting in business, would take heed to the good advice conveyed by the example of Mr Carey and his wife, as displayed in the biographical notice contained in a late number of the Merchant's Magazine. It appears from this, that Mr Carey married Miss Flahaven, the daughter of a highly respectable citizen of Philadelphia, who, like thousands of others, was ruined by his devotion to the cause of the principles of the Revolution. She had no dowry but that of intelligence and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man, whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless, as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds fitted with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. They were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. 'We early,' says the husband, 'formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend.' What a salutary example is here written in one sentence, for the young of our day? How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage line now-a-days! Large rents, expensive establishments, unlimited debts, 'routs and rounds of fashion,' are at once launched into; and the young couple live on, so long

as petty shifts, contrivances and deceptions will sustain them, and then sink into hopeless misery, from which, perchance, they never recover. 'Daughters tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their children—a deplorable fate for old age. Fathers have the unspeakable misery of beholding their sons, in whom the hopes of after years were centered, broken down, indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it.'—*Prov. Journal.*

I would not have preachers said Luther, torment their hearers with long and tedious preaching. When I am in the pulpit, I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom above forty are here in the Church; but I have an eye to the multitudes of young people, children and servants, of whom there are more that two thousand.

For the Register and Observer.

A FRAGMENT.

Why should we mourn when our friends die? we know that their sufferings have ceased, and we believe that their existence is happy.

Why then do we mourn? it is because we are bereaved, because we have lost a friend; it may be, our best friend. It proceeds then from selfishness, it is human nature.

Has any one (and who is there who has not) followed to the grave his best friend, one whose heart was good, and whose prejudices were strong in his favor, has he seen the coffin lowered into the silent earth, or placed in the chilly vault of the dead, and not felt a faintness come over his heart, or a tear in his eye? we are but mortals, we are the creatures of the same clay; who then can be without a sympathetic feeling for his friend?

Intellect is good; but there is a better than intellect. Intellect is of the earth, earthy; but the heart is from heaven; intellect is the acquisition of man; but the soul is the creation of God.

Reader, hast thou ever seen one, whose heart was good, who always acted from the best motives, and one whose religion also was pure and fervent, hast thou, I say, seen such a one pass away like the dew of a summer morning? and how compare the highest intellectual attainments and scientific researches with qualities like those, when one is bidding farewell to the scenes of earth? Perhaps, thou hast seen such a one, as arrant a hater of cant and sham as ever was Dr Johnson, one who could truly say 'vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you,' perhaps thou hast seen such a one pass away like a dream. It might have been one, some dear friend, whose affections were warm, whose heart was wrapped up in thy welfare and happiness; it might have been a brother or a sister; perhaps it was thy mother, who went through life quietly, and now sleeps in peace in some quiet country church-yard, or it may be in some retired nook of Mount Auburn? Thou mayest have been a philosopher, was thy philosophy proof against that? what would avail, I may say, all the intellect and logic of earth against a situation like thine? No! thou hadst a more powerful shield; thou hadst faith in the wisdom and government of God, thou reverenced his fiats? Then let us not mourn, but let us remember that it is the will of Him, who created us, that 'man should go to his long home;' that 'the dust shall return to the earth whence it was, but the spirit unto God who gave it.' H.

For the Register and Observer.

JULY FOURTH IN NASHUA.

By invitation of the Sabbath School Association of the two Orthodox churches in Nashua, and the Orthodox churches in a few of the neighboring towns. The Sabbath Schools of the various denominations in this place, and one from Hollis and one from Merrimack, had a grand celebration of our national Independence. Forming at the several churches, the several schools went to Mr Richard's church, and there formed a procession, and with music and banners marched to a Grove, adjoining the Cemetery.

There ample seats were provided, and not far from three thousand persons were present. The Scriptures were read by Rev. Mr Browne, Universalist. Prayer by Rev. Mr Preble, Free-will Baptist. Address to Teachers, by Rev. Mr Pratt, Baptist. Address to Children, by Rev. Mr Osgood, Unitarian. Address upon the Declaration of Independence, by Mr Hale, of Lowell, co-Editor of the Puritan. Address to Parents, by Rev. Mr McGee, Orthodox. Address to Audience, by Rev. Mr Savage, of Bedford. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr Allen, of Merrimack.

The spectacle was beautiful, the music delightful, the feeling warm and harmonious, the speeches short, and the refreshments abundant both for body and soul.

This is still the land of the Pilgrims, and without violating their reverence for religion, we have succeeded in some degree in blending with it more beauty, cheerfulness, and sociality.

Nashua, July 5th, 1840.

[*Translated from the German of Krummacher for the Christian Register.*]

THE SEVEN CHILDREN.

At early dawn, as the sun was rising, a pious husband and his wife arose from their nightly repose, and thanked their Heavenly Father for the new day, and the refeshing strength derived from slumber. The first rays of the rising sun just beamed into the chamber, and seven children laid yet in their beds and slept.

They looked upon their children, one after another, and the mother sighing said: Seven are they in number! Alas! it will be hard for us to maintain them. Thus she complained because there was a famine in the land.

But the father smiled and said: Behold, are they not all seven lying there sleeping, and have they not all as yet ruddy cheeks? and now, as again the beams of the rising sun glide over them, they appear more beautiful to us than seven blooming roses. Wife, this assures us that *He*, who causes the delightful sunrise and sends the refreshing sleep, is faithful to all his creatures.

And as they now stepped out of the little chamber, fourteen shoes, decreasing in size, two for each child, which stood at the door, caught their attention. And as the mother saw them how many there were, she wept.

But the pious father interrupting her said: Wife, why weep? Have they not all seven received little round and healthy feet, why should we then fear so much for the covering? If the children place confidence in us, how much, O, how much, should we confide in *Him*, who is able to accomplish more than we feeble creatures can comprehend!

Behold, his sun is rising! O, let us also, as he, with a cheerful countenance commence our daily course!

They prayed and worked, and God blessed their honest efforts, so that they had enough for their children; for faith gives courage and love produces strength. H. T.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 11, 1840.

MR GANNETT'S DISCOURSE AT THE INSTALLATION OF REV. JOHN PARKMAN.

The end of Christianity is the perfection of man. This proposition no Christian, we suppose, at this time, will deny or doubt. Its design in its every precept, promise, threatening, doctrine, revelation, is to promote and confirm the highest moral excellence of its recipients. It is to purify them, to strengthen them with all spiritual might, to make them perfect in every good word, work and disposition. For this Christ toiled, taught, prayed, wept, died and rose again. Christianity has done its work when it has made a person as good, as benevolent, as useful and as happy as his circumstances and endowments permit of his being. It is the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation; and there is no salvation for man except in spritual worth and attainments. There is none in knowledge, in science, in wealth, place or power. Man is not susceptible of any real benefit that comes not through the improvement of his spiritual nature. It does not appear possible for God to bestow any essential good upon his children, except through the influence of his holy spirit, the participation of himself, his own glory. A pure, disinterested and sublime emotion is of more worth than an empire. If an individual were to gain the world, and in doing it, were to lose one particle of his soul's worth, peace, benevolence, energy, dignity or freedom, he has acted the part of a fool. He has lost that, for the want of which, the possession of a thousand material worlds could not compensate. Christianity then can confer no good on man except as it makes him good. It necessarily follows therefore, that those portions of it, which are capable of exerting a practical influence on the dispositions and character, are alone valuable. Whatever other matters it may contain, whether plain or obscure, they are to us of not the least importance. But it can easily be shown that the great amount of religious controversy, that has disturbed the world, has been about doctrines, possessing not a particle of practical influence. It has been about meats and drinks, rites and forms, genealogies and metaphysical abstractions. Let any one read a book of controversial divinity, and tell if he can, what possible good those ideas can do, which are so laboriously and vehemently advocated. They are generally unintelligible, or if not, utterly barren and powerless. They are no more capable of exerting influence over the conscience and heart, than mathematical propositions. They have not the most distant connexion with any portion of our moral nature, with any of its wants, sentiments or faculties. He will not be able to conceive, in what way, they can make the soul more pure, disinterested, pious, in what way they can enrich it with faith, hope or charity. He will be forced to the conclusion that as it is the sole purpose of Christianity to confer spiritual benefits and blessings, these controverted matters are not in the least essential to its efficacy and completeness.

It can be easily shown that those doctrines that distinguish sects are destitute of practical value. We call on their supporters and advocates to point out, in the world's history, when and where they have done any good? Have they done any thing to advance, free and elevate our race? Have they ever broken a single chain, opened a prison door, fed the hungry, or visted with comfort the orphan and widow? Have they ever stood like heaven's angels around the bed of death, sustained the spirit in its last, dread conflicts, and enabled it to exclaim in triumph, O grave where is thy victory? Have they ever bound up a broken heart, shed peace into a trouble bosom, supplied with needed strength the tempted, or spanned a bow of glorious hope in the cloud that hangs over the tomb? What deserts have they caused to bloom, or what wildernesses have they filled with sweet melody? When have they broken sceptres of iron, or caused tyrants to tremble on their blood-dripping thrones? Where are the benevolent institutions they have reared, the battles they have won for human right and welfare, the Bastiles they have levelled with the dust, or the good of any sort they have wrested from the devil, or conquered from the empire of evil? Is it possible that they have ever fitted one soul for immortal joy and honor, added one to the throngs of the redeemed, caused one shout of joy in heaven over repenting sinners, or filled one throne in the everlasting kingdom? We do not believe it. What good, for instance, can the rite of immersion, which our baptist friends deem so important do? What the doctrine of the Trinity? What spiritual efficacy is there in it? What feeling, energy, sentiment or affection can it touch, quicken, improve? Can it make a person any more honest, temperate, benevolent, merciful and devout? What can it do for us in temptation, affliction, bereavement, the hour of death? How can it be reduced to practice? The same questions may be proposed in regard to the atonement, total depravity, original sin and election. The world is not better, or more happy and moral through their agency. They have effected nothing except to excite angry controversy, and they are good for nothing. Not a single solitary benefit can it be demonstrated, that they have conferred on the generations, since they issued, clothed in fire and steel, from the dark, metaphysical head of their author. But much evil they most certainly have done.

Christianity is indebted for all the good it has done to its plain, simple, intelligible doctrines—but mighty through their plainness, simplicity and intelligibleness—the doctrines that are common to all denominations, and because as true as their author and laden with the bread of life, carry resistless conviction to every honest mind, and command the homage of all that prefer light to darkness. The essential is common. The partial, peculiar, the possessions of parties and sect, are of little if any value. To this practical test must all doctrines be brought. If found wanting they will be driven from the pale of human sympathies and regard. What is not useful is worthless, and what is not common, as far as the gifts, dispensations, teachings and purposes of God are concerned, is little useful. We call upon our opponents to demonstrate the value of their boasted dogmas, which they have the presumption to pronounce essential. We give an extract from the discourse.

"I have now, as briefly as seemed to be consistent with a clear exposition of our views, noticed the principal points of difference between us and our fellow-Christians. They may appear to be important, and they doubtless are. And yet the great difference between us and other believers is that to which I alluded, when I spoke of our determination to acknowledge no other than the common doctrines of Christianity as essential articles of faith. This is our grand distinction—this the front of our offence, and the crown of our glory—that we do not allow doubtful matters to stand side by side with undisputed truths. To us they may not seem doubtful; we have formed our opinions respecting them, our minds are made up. But others, whom we are unwilling to consider less sincere than ourselves, have come to different conclusions from us. We do not therefore say that they must be lost! We dare not say it, we cannot say it. They and we, as we hope, shall be saved on the ground of our common faith—our attachment to those unquestioned truths which were noticed in the earlier part of this discourse, and which stand forth from all theological discussion, clear and well defined, with the light of heaven resting upon their forms, like the Alpine heights, which rise above the mists of earth with the radiance of imperishable snow embracing their summits. Before these truths, disputes about dogmas and rites sink into obscurity. Here is the only controversy which we are eager to maintain—against bigotry and exclusiveness and narrow interpretation of Scripture. This will we maintain to the last, though Catholic and Protestaut join against us—this, I repeat, that we and they who differ from us, on many questions of theology may yet be followers of the same Master, and may hereafter walk together the streets of the heavenly Zion. God be thanked for such a persuasion. There is comfort, and there is justice in it. It is a persuasion whose roots are planted in the word of God, and whose fruits are peace and hope.

"I cannot close, long as you have been detained from the other services of this occasion, without drawing your attention, in view of what has now been said, to the injustice of styling Unitarianism a *negative* system, or a religion of *denial*. Such is one of the current reproaches against us. A negative system! which is built upon faith in God, takes for its main support the mission of Christ, and includes the ideas of human responsibleness, ability, retribution, and immortality; which acknowledges the authority of the Bible, and insists upon repentance as the condition of salvation; which rejects nothing but doctrines of man's invention, and rejects these only because it would vindicate the integrity of Divine truths. A religion of denial? Yes, if Judaism, which denied idolatry, if the Gospel which denied Pharisaic traditions, if Protestantism which denied Romish errors, be a religion of denial, then is Unitarianism also. It need not be ashamed to be found in such company.

We hear it alleged, moreover, that Unitarianism is *cold*. Cold! because it prefers a constant and genial warmth to the heats of fever, interrupted by almost fatal chills. Cold! when the paternal character of God, the dying love and living perfection of Jesus, the glorious privileges and high destiny of man, are themes on which it dwells with steadfast faith and peculiar delight. Are themes like these spritual icebergs? Methinks, they are rather fires of heaven's own kindling, to melt the sin-hardened soul into gratitude, or to quicken the currents of feeling which a cold theology had checked.

And again, it is said, that Unitarians have *no settled faith!* Unitarians, who believe in one only God, the Father Everlasting; who are unanimous in asserting the dependence of Jesus Christ, to whom they concur in ascribing a blameless excellence, whom they all acknowledge as Master and celebrate as Redeemer, and in whose name they offer prayer to the sole Object of worship; Unitarians, who are distinguished by the importance which they attach to character, and the urgency with which they insist on a good life; who rejoice in the love of God now, and make His mercy the only foundation of their hope for eternity; who agree in placing the clear revelations of Christianity above all points of doubtful disputation or uncertain validity;—these have no settled faith, no ascertainable belief! If the subject were not so serious, the charge would be ludicrously absurd.

And finally, for we ought not to bestow much time upon these small missiles of controversy, we observe the emptiness of the remark, that Unitarianism can but put forth its *expiring* energies. Expiring, when it is the heart and substance of an immortal religion! No. While Christianity remains in the world, so long will Unitarianism. These two, or rather these one and the same, will be transmitted through the Scriptures of truth and the faith of men from generation to generation, with increasing evidence of their divinity and their unity, to the end of time. The true light can never be quenched. Around this religion men have gathered many doctrines and institutions, in the hope of hallowing them by such close connexion, as the votive gifts partook of the temple's sanctity; but these shall all perish, while that which is Divine shall remain through future ages, the witness of God's grace, the friend of human want and weakness. The opinions of the wise and of the simple which spring from seed not sown by the heavenly Sower shall wither, and the flowers thereof, however highly they may have been prized, shall fade away; but 'the word of the Lord endureth forever."

ACTION.

At some of the meetings during the late anniversary week, we were struck with the earnestness with which some of the speakers urged the necessity of greater activity on the part of the clergy. They must be up and doing, were the words frequently spoken, and with much vehemence. Habits of devoted study, reflection and investigation, were treated almost with contempt. Dreaming, theorizing and speculating in studies, was denounced as utterly vain and unworthy. It will never do—mere moonshine, the splendor of ice-bergs. They must arouse themselves—buckle on their armor and go forth—hunt serpents and fiercely bruise their heads wherever found, seize clubs and slay monsters. That some of our clergy may need exhortations of this kind we will not deny. It is quite possible they are not sufficiently active and too fond of reading. They may deserve rebuke, and those who feel called to such labors of love, may be permitted to throw stones. If they are too much at ease in Zion, let them be stimulated and excited, and those who can awaken them to a proper sense of their deficiencies, may be allowed to have done a good work. But we doubt exceedingly if there is any danger of too much study and reflection. The evils to which we are most exposed, which at this moment, are most rife and abundant, are of directly an opposite character. There is among us a lamentable want of calm and deep thought in relation to every high interest. There is no controlling power of intellect. Every thing seems to be thrown upon a stream of wild excitement. The country is suffering immensely from the effects of ill directed energy and enterprise. It has spread ruin, disappointment and suffering in every direction. Our chief characteristic is the passionate love of activity. A deficiency of just and profound thought is the source of a large portion of the evils under which we labor. Our active tendencies need not to be stimulated. We respect those who find their highest satisfaction in doing things, in the production of visible, immediate results. They have their reward. The attention and gratitude of the community are directed to them. But let them not speak with contempt or indifference of those who give themselves to study and reflection. We need more such men. Our greatest danger lies in a deficiency of them, and the developement of a vast amount of *thoughtless* energy. Our people are sick for the want of that true bread, which the patient and profound student alone can supply. For this reason they spend their strength for nought—are driven by the winds and tossed. For want of this high, controlling energy, they run blindly and fiercely upon the rocks, and little is heard but the shrieks of despairing and sinking crews. From the study of the unwearied student issues the power that heals, strengthens, and exalts a nation. The great thinkers are the world's benefactors. It is quickening, pervading, penetrating thought that beats down the strong holds of error, superstition, tyranny, sin. All that adorns, ennobles, and blesses man, is its production. Burning thoughts contain the sacred fire that kindles whatever there is good and great in our nature. The masters of thought are the monarchs of our race. A vivid, sublime conception can effect more than an ocean of bustling activity. He whose countenance is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, does more for society than many of those that strive and cry in streets or other public places. There is nothing our country so much needs as an army of patient and profound thinkers. These remarks apply equally to religious matters. There is an abundance of religious activity among us, but not enough patient, religious thought. Our churches are suffering not from a deficiency of activity so much as from a deficiency of thought, of fresh, original, quickening mental power. In looking back we cannot avoid the impression that it is the great thinkers that have done most to extend and establish and make efficient the truth as it is in Jesus. They have been the fountains of life and vigor to the church. They sit on its thrones. He does not effect most, who is most active and bustling. Activity is nothing except it be informed by thought, the expression of mental and moral energy. A great portion of it is utterly worthless, as it is destitute of life and power. It is superficial and cannot touch the deeper portions of our nature. *Bodily* exercise profiteth not and edifies none. It contains not a particle of the power of God unto salvation. It is the truth that sanctifies and not excitement. Words and deeds to be powerful must proceed from a mind instinct with life. The energy that moves forward human welfare is calm, invisible, silent as the power that sustains and moves the universe. Efforts, whether in the pulpit or out, that are not the fruit of strong thought and feeling, are vain. A minister may write a vast many sermons, hold numerous meetings, and make innumerable calls, and effect nothing. Soul is wanting. He is not baptized with the Holy Spirit and with fire. Whatsoever is not of faith is sin, folly, impotence. It is true, action is the chief thing—the free action of our highest faculties. But nothing but habits of patient, deep reflection can free and quicken these faculties, endue them with power and open the fountains of life within our nature. Reformers owe their success to the atmosphere of thought in which they act. Their armor is the accumulated thought of ages. They only apply and expend the energy which others had developed. It requires many unwearied students to make one Luther. One generation soweth and another reapeth. But let not the reapers despise the sowers, nor the actors the thinkers. Let us cherish our students and reverence him who loves the studious shade and the cool grove. We are not liable to suffer from a deficiency of bustling actors—therefore disturb not the few who love reflection. But it is said these studious ministers shoot over their people's heads. But this is a great mistake. It is not too much study that causes a preacher to shoot high—but a want of thorough reflection. It is because he has not gained clear, vivid, comprehensive conceptions of the subject. When a man has thoroughly mastered a subject his thoughts are easily conveyed to other minds. They are as simple as they are strong and impressive. He leaves none in doubt about his shooting—as he is sure to hit. He is *master* of his weapons. The sword in his hands is sharp and powerful. The want of plainness and directness proceeds not from too much learning—but too little thought—from a deficiency of mental and moral culture.

The following passage taken from an article in the last Quarterly Register on 'The Manner in which Ministers may bring their office into disrepute,' contains we think much truth.

"It will probably be admitted by all, that the Christian ministry does not command the general respect and veneration which it received in the days of our fathers. Possibly, there has been heretofore a disposition to overrate the sacred office. If, as some suppose, the respect paid by our ancestors to their spiritual guides, bordered on blind and superstitious homage, the present condition of things may be the consequent reaction of such veneration.

Should we investigate all the causes which lead to the degradation of the sacred office, we might discover that the prostration of the clerical character is to be traced in some degree to our congregations. Their fond indulgence, their disrelish of those qualities which lie at the foundation of ministerial eminence, and their demand for such services as consume the time and injure the habits of their pastors, might be found to have a disastrous influence. The ministry we might thus find to have depreciated because the people 'love to have it so'—or, at least, use such means as lead to this result. We might next inquire how far the multiplication of sects has tended to lower the character of the ministry; and we should find that the tendency of all the harsh suspicions and injurious charges that have been so actively circulated, by various sects, has been, to bring religion and its friends, especially its ministers, into contempt. We might next inquire, how far the same result is to be ascribed to the open enemies of godliness and the champions of delusive error and of demoralizing scepticism; and we should ascertain that a powerful agency is brought to bear, by this class, against an institution that opposes, more efficiently than any other, their favorite principles and their pernicious example.

But we may trace to another cause the low estimate which is placed upon the ministry. We, who fill the pastoral office, may be culpable, in no slight degree, for the contempt under which the ministry labors. It seemed to the apostle Paul not impossible that preachers might make themselves despicable: accordingly he addressed to Titus the charge 'Let no man despise thee.'

The injunction is not, 'Let no man wrong thee.' Ministers should not be surprised if they are wronged, since their efforts conflict, so decidedly, with the wishes and aims of the ungodly. Nor is the charge 'Let no man oppose thee.' Opposition may be expected while the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness contend for the mastery of the world. Nor is it said, 'Let no man speak evil of thee,' While evil-speaking shall continue to be a large share of common conversation, ministers may not hope to avoid misrepresentation and abuse. The charge is, 'Let no man despise thee.' But in what manner was Titus to elevate himself above contempt? Was he to set up extravagant pretensions, to assume the sceptre of ecclesiastical supremacy, to constitute himself one of the 'lords over God's heritage,' and to pronounce dissent from his opinions, among his Christian brethren, disloyalty to the Redeemer? Evidently, it was not the intention of Paul to commend such pitiful exhibitions of clerical despotism.

The obvious import of the charge to Titus was, that he should perform the various duties of the ministry with so much faithfulness and wisdom, that, though he might not himself escape detraction, opposition and abuse, his office might be elevated above contempt. Is there no need that such an admonition might be addressed to us?

That we may appropriate to ourselves, with the more benefit, the charge, 'Let no man despise thee,' it is proposed to specify some of the methods by which ministers bring their office into disrepute.

I. We may bring the ministry into disrepute by mental indolence.

We may preach often, we may write many sermons, and if the character of our ministry is to be tested by the number of our services, it may be highly respectable, and yet we may be the slaves of mental indolence. Amid all the profusion of our labors, the range of subjects to which we invite the attention of our hearers may be narrow, and the mode of discussion unvarying and dull. Our discourses may be the result of no careful study. They may be confined chiefly to topics with which we happen to be familiar. And these subjects may be discussed with but little variation of plan, of illustration, or of language. Our texts may be derived from all the books of the Bible, but our discussion may easily slide into the deep ruts of the old familiar track. A stereotype mode of discussion may be used on every occasion, and thus a tiresome sameness may be imprinted on all our performances. The style of our discourses, whether written or unwritten, we may make plain and simple to a fault, in our convenient care to avoid 'the enticing words of man's wisdom.' Instead of clothing our thoughts in language of delightful freshness, of graceful propriety, and of great power, we may be so indolent as to seize upon the most ordinary expressions, and may thus degrade the doctrines of the Bible by a dress, not only simple, as it ought to be, but also slovenly and mean. Meretricious ornaments of style we know to be discountenanced by rhetorical taste as well as by Christian propriety, and our indolence may make this the plea for the want of such imagery as would give life and power to our sermons. We may feel, ourselves, the force of the rich and varied forms of illustration with which the Great Teacher and his apostles won the attention of listening thousands, and still we may persist in using a style of leaden dulness and soporific monotony. We may thus discourage from attendance, at our churches, hearers who are not sufficiently hungry for the bread of life to receive it gladly—howsoever it be served up.

ORDINATION AT WALPOLE, N. H.

The Ordination of Rev. William Silsbee of Salem, late of the Theological School, Cambridge, over the first Congregational Church and Society, in Walpole, N. H., was on Wednesday, July the first. The Council was organized by the choice of Rev. Mr Howe, of Surry, as Moderator, and Rev. Mr Parker, of Roxbury, as Scribe. The following was the order of services in the church. Voluntary on the Organ. Anthem. Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr Dwight, of Northampton. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr Everett, of Northfield. Hymn, by Rev. Mr Pierpont. Sermon, by Rev. Dr Flint, of Salem. Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr Bascom, of Fitzwilliam. Anthem. Charge, by Rev. Dr Francis, of Watertown. Anthem. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Parker, of Roxbury. Hymn, by Rev. Dr Frothingham. Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr Livermore, of Keene. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr Leonard, of Dublin. Anthem; Benediction.

Dr Flint's text was from 1 Corinthians, vi. 12. 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.' After some remarks upon the nature of the relation between Pastor and People, and upon its peculiar difficulties at the present day, he discussed the question, 'To what extent may the Christian minister accommodate the expression of his views of right in the abstract to the expedient; when *must* he utter, when *may* he be silent. Certain conditions were specified wherein his own convictions might be withholden, as their utterance would not serve the cause of truth. Still, the great danger, as maintained in the discourse, and that against which the minister should now chiefly guard, consisted in making truth and duty bend to expediency; in cherishing a temporizing spirit, a time-serving policy. The examples of the early Apostles was well set forth,—a pattern to the Preacher of true Christian independence.

The Charge, by Rev. Dr Francis, embraced three points. First, the duty in the Christian minister of maintaining a healthy active *life in his own soul*; secondly, of maintaining a true and hearty interest in his pastoral relations; and thirdly, of being faithful to the moral interests of the community at large. Each of these was developed with great force and beauty. Constant spiritual culture was urged as the chief thing, by which the minister was himself to live and withal help to make others live. From the treasures of healthful learning, the teachings of God's providence, the wisdom of the past, the excitement of the present, from the holy Scriptures, the words especially and character of Christ, and from the writings of the Apostles should he ever replenish the fountains of thought within, that from them the waters of life may flow.

The Right Hand of Fellowship, by Mr Parker, was an affectionate and beautiful welcome to the field of the Christian ministry 'where the harvest is ripe and abundant and the reapers not over numerous.' A welcome then it was not to ease and repose, or the idle gleaning of what other reapers have left, but to work, to hard work. A welcome to toilsome studies, to 'sweets' only to be had through 'sweats;' to a day when, above all times is needed a studious and instructed ministry; to the treasures of ancient lore; to the blessed communion with the great spirits of the dead. It was moreover, a welcome to the active labors of the Christian Teacher, to his pastoral walks; to the pleasant offices of Christian sympathy and consolation, to the plain practical duties of his calling, to the preaching, and the *living* of Christ before men.

And the Address by Mr Livermore was filled likewise with good things. It spoke even, and first, of the minister, as a man having a body to be fed and clothed, and of him as a family to be cared for; as a hard-working man, though not, with 'the hammer' and 'the plough,' since 'out of a throbbing heart and a toiling brain, as of the heat of the furnace must he forge the instruments of his warfare.' As a laborer, should he be counted worthy of his hire; and with him in justice and punctuality should the upright business course be ever pursued. It spoke of him as a Preacher in the church, and of the consequent death to his spirit from heedless, or fault-finding attendants, from pews often and carelessly vacated. It spoke of him as a Pastor, and thus with warm hearts and a frank intercourse to be received. In all his efforts for the moral and religious improvement of the young and of the old, should he be met by the ready sympathy and active services of his people. The purpose for which he comes, the character and claims of the institutions over which he presides were eloquently set forth in the conclusion of the Address.

And especially faulty would be a notice of this pleasant occasion which omitted all mention of the beautiful singing in the church. Not a little we are sure did the well disciplined choir contribute to heighten the interest of the services. More peices were sung than is usual

on these occasions, and better sung than ever before we have heard. Nor is this a small matter,—since so important a place does church music hold, even with the prayers and preaching of the sanctuary, to stir devotional feeling, to elevate and sanctify the souls of the worshippers.

After the exercises in the church a fine dinner was served for the Council and Society, at Brown's Hotel, at which a blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr Jackson of the Calvinistic Society in Walpole, and thanks returned by Rev. Mr Batchelder of the Calvinistic Society in Westminster.

Thus then by earnest prayers, by solemn rites which our Fathers were wont to observe, and which still we revere, has another Christian laborer been set apart to the office of Christian Pastor. We congratulate this Society, on their happy prospects, on their connection with him of whose worth former days of service had told them. Our brother goes to a pleasant field, to one of New England's loveliest spots, where the beauty of nature shall preach with him. He goes to kind hearts and ready hands. Will God bless his ministry.—*Communicated.*

For the Register and Observer.

HYMNS OF THE MORNING AND EVENING. NO. III.

[BY O. W. WITHINGTON.]

I.

The spirit, warmed with heavenly love,
From Earth would fain retreat,
Even as shuns a timid Dove
The Summer's glare and heat;
The World, with all its brightest things,
Would win her love in vain,
It cannot cheek her upward wings,
Nor bind to Earth her strain.

II.

Be such my meditation, Lord,
My soul as calm and free,
In solitude, may thy dear word
My Joy and Comfort be:—
And, when to Life's more busy scene
I bend my active Will,
May thy Remembrance come between
My soul and every ill.

We have received several books from the publishers which we have time only to mention.

Ministry of Christ. By T. B. Fox.

This book has been, we believe, highly approved by Sunday school teachers, and would be of much use to all who desire to gain a connected view of our Savior's life.

Strive and Thrive. By Mary Howitt.

To those who are acquainted with the author's productions, it needs no other commendation, and those who are not should become so as soon be possible.

Guizot's Essay on Washington. Translated from the French.

It should be read by all who desire to revive and deepen their impressions of the sublime qualities of the greatest of men.

Esther, a Sacred Drama, with Judith. A Poem. By Mrs E. L. Cushing.

This little volume contains much beautiful poetry, and will be received with great satisfaction by the numerous friends of Mrs Cushing, daughter of the late Dr Foster of Brighton, to whose taste and genius they had before acknowledged their obligations.

DIVINITY SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

The Annual Discourse before the Senior Class of the Divinity School, will be delivered Sunday evening, July 12th, in the Rev. Mr Newell's church, Cambridge, by Rev. Mr Hill of Worcester.

The Annual Visitation of the School, will take place on Friday, 17th inst., in the University Chapel. Exercises to begin precisely at 11 o'clock A. M.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, will be held at Cambridge on Friday next, the 17th inst. The meeting for business will be at the College Chapel at 3 o'clock P. M. An address will be delivered at the same place at 4 1-2 o'clock, by Rev. Dr Walker.

Per Order. S. K. LOTHROP, *Sec'y.*

*** Those persons who have in their possession a copy of either of the two last numbers of the Christian Register, (Nos 26 and 27) will confer a favor on the publisher if they will send them by mail or otherwise to the Christian Register Office.

INTELLIGENCE.

Independence.—The fourth of July was celebrated in this city much after the fashion of past years, by firing of cannon, ringing of bells, military parade, &c. &c. On the common there was a beautiful display of flowers, by the pupils and teachers of Rev. Mr Barnard's Sunday School. These flowers were sold for the benefit of the church. The receipts, we understand were about $300. In the evening there were beautiful fireworks and music on the common, and as it was a fine evening, the concourse of people was immense.

The day was celebrated as usual by our municipal authorities. The Oration was delivered at the Odeon by Thomas Power, Esq.

There was, however, a celebration by the whigs of the four Southern wards of the city, and a dinner at which over 1500 were entertained in the hall over the Worcester rail-road depot.

There were also celebrations by the friends of the National administration at Lynn, Lexington, Worcester and Barre; and by the whigs, at Salem, Concord, Barre, Dedham and Bridgewater.

New Bedford and Taunton Rail Road.—We briefly referred, last week to the opening of this road. The Boston Daily Advertiser has the following account, refering to the celebration.

A train of cars, provided for the purpose, left Boston at half past 8 o'clock, with a party of gentlemen invited to attend the celebration, among whom the Governor, members of the Council, the British Consul, and other gentlemen in official stations, and gentlemen connected with the other rail roads of the Providence, and Taunton Branch Companies, and at Taunton met a train with a large party from New Bedford, who returned in company with the Boston train.

The party, after paying visits, at some of the splendid mansions of that town, at 1 o'clock assembled at the upper rooms of the Town Hall, whence they afterwards proceeded to the principal Hall, in which a table was handsomely spread for four or five hundred persons. The Hall is a very beautiful one, erected for town purposes, just finished, and now occupied for the first time.

The Hon. Joseph Grennell, President of the corporation, presided at the table. The entertainment passed off most agreeably, enlivened by toasts and speeches, until the hour of departure, which was 6 o'clock. On their return one of the trains ran over the New Bedford and Taunton Road, 20 miles, in 38 minutes, and another in 35. The Taunton Branch of 11 miles was passed by the returning party in 22 minutes, and the portion of the Providence Road, 24 miles, which makes a part of the route to New Bedford was passed in 49 minutes. The weather was delightful, the three roads, with the cars and engines were in excellent order, and all the incidents of the day were most agreeable.

A correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript says:

'The cars ran yesterday for the first time, and coming on in the evening, when the whole course was clear, ran the entire distance of 54 miles in one hour and forty-nine minutes. New Bedford may well be styled a *city of Palaces*. It is only known by us, we apprehend, as a place where the whale fishery is carried on to a considerable extent; but it may be remarked, that it is a place, in point of tonnage, the third in importance in the United States—New York and Boston, only exceeding it in this particular.

The opening of the road referred to, gives to the metropolis of New England another outlet to the Atlantic beside that of Massachusetts Bay. It is also another appendage to our great Western Railroad, and which will be open the entire route to Buffalo, (Lake Erie) the ensuing season. The cost of building the road has been within the original estimate, and it has been opened prior to the day set—two circumstances not very common in enterprizes of the kind. The loan of the credit of the Commonwealth, to aid in its construction, is about to be returned to the Treasurer, the company not having had occasion to use it.

Travelling to New Hampshire.—The Dover Enquirer says:—'On Friday last the mail stage, driven by Mr Tucker, arrived in this town from Boston, via Haverhill, at 11 o'clock, A. M., being only four hours from the city. The Rail Road is now opened to Exeter, and the cars came there on that day for the first time. This is the quickest passage ever made from Boston to Dover, by any driver or conveyance.'

The Great Western.—This steamship sailed from New York on the 1st inst. with 151 passengers,—a larger number than on any former trip.

Granary Cemetery.—The erection of the proposed new fence in front of this spot is commenced. The city government has appropriated $2,500, and $2,100 are already raised by subscription toward the expence. $400 more will make up the sum necessary to complete the work. The erection of the fence, is already commenced, and it will be prosecuted till it is finished. The design is appropriate, and the execution, as far as it is advanced, equals its beauty.

Accidents.—But few accidents occurred in our region at the late anniversary, at New York however we hear of several among which was one most distressing occasioned by an accidental explosure of fireworks in a house. The escape from the chamber was at once cut off by the fire. And an interesting lady and her fine little son of 10 years old, were burnt to death. The explosion within was occasioned by some boys on the outside firing a rocket called a serpent, which in its irregular course passed in at the door of the house, amongst the prepared fire works.

We hope it may operate as another caution against entrusting fireworks of any description to boys.

Northeastern Boundary.—A message has been received in Congress, from President Van Buren communicating a correspondence between Mr Fox and Mr Forsyth on the subject of the boundary, from which there is good reason to hope that this long pending question may soon be amicably settled.

Mails.—The Postmaster General has effected an arrangement, so as to have the Eastern mail go by the steamboats from New York to New Haven, six days in the week. On Sunday it will go by land as heretofore.

'This—says the Vermont Chronicle—if we mistake not, is a triumph of principle. The case, we believe, was this:—The late Postmaster General wished to have the mail go in the New Haven steamboat, every day, Sundays included. The boat did not run on Sundays; and rather than do it, the proprietors of the boat declined the emolument they might have received from the mail contract. Mr Kendall would have the mail go by boat seven days in the week or not at all. Mr Kendall's successor has yielded; the boat has the business without submitting to unrighteous dictation; and the feelings of the citizens of New Haven are not outraged by the arrival of steamboats in their harbor on Sundays.'

Whale Ships.—The Nantucket Inquirer has just published a table, from which it appears that upwards of five hundred American vessels are engaged in the whale fishery, of which 364 belong to ports in Massachusetts, with an invested capital of $9,800,900.

Independent Treasury Bill.—This bill has finally passed the House of Representatives, by a small majority. We suppose the details of the bill will soon be given in some of the political papers.

Salt.—The quantity of salt used in the United States is incredibly and lamentably small. Perhaps the whole quantity is about twelve millions of bushels annually, of which half may be imported and half domestic. The English give fifteen milions of bushels annually to their sheep alone! No wonder they have fine mutton and fine wool! Yet they complain that they have not salt enough, and besides their own vast domestic supply of rock salt in Cheshire, and boiled salt on the coast of Cornwall, they compute that the *free use* of salt would create an additional demand for 500,000 tons of domestic salt (twenty millions of bushels of fifty-six pounds each) besides the augmented importation. Yet twelve millions of bushels is the supply of the United States, whose population now exceeds that of England: we speak of England proper, exclusively of Scotland, Wales and Ireland.—Surely the seventeen millions of people in the United States require as much salt as the fourteen millions of England, including Wales. We have more people, more agriculture, not more stock, but nearly as much, the hogs included, and needing more salt than hers, because feeding on *fresh* grasses too far from the sea to be impregnated with saline particles from dews and vapors from the briny ocean. We have also fisheries and manufactures, and great demand for salted provisions, both for domestic consumption and exportation.—*Globe.*

Virginia.—A recent jaunt into the interior of this state gave us an opportunity of observing the intense political excitement of the day. It may be safely asserted, that never was there such a minute and comprehensive organization of both parties as at present. Public meetings and speeches are held and heard in almost every direction. To which party the victory will enure in November, it is impossible for us to decide; but one thing is certain, that the prize will not be won without a contest hitherto unparalleled in our annals.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

The New Custom-House.—On the 4th instant the Commissioners, who have the superintendence of the building of the new Custom-house, threw open the gates of the enclosure to such of the public as desired to see the progress and style of the work.

The Boston Courier has the following remarks on the state and progress of the work.

It has been remarked that the work goes on but slowly, and some impatience has been expressed that so much time has been already expended. Whoever may have entertained any such notions, will cease to wonder (when he sees the building in its present condition) at any thing, except the massiveness, strength and beauty of the material, the skill of the mechanical execution, and the magnificence of the design. It will be gratifying to the curious, to examine the foundation, as far as it can now be subject to inspection, before the *skeleton* shall be covered, and the huge indestructible blocks and arches, which support the superstructure, shall be hidden by floors, wainscoting, plastering, &c—The workmen have yet hardly ascended above the basement story, and yet it seems as if there had been granite, brick, and cement enough used to build a decent sized city.

This edifice, when completed, will undoubtedly be one of the most substantial as well as one of the most beautiful buildings erected in modern times.—The walls are six feet in thickness, (built on a foundation eight feet thick) of Quincy granite, hammered down to an almost polished surface. Its easterly front will look out upon the harbor, a scene of commercial enterprise and activity, which, we hope, will soon rise to a pitch of prosperity that will not be surrounded by any of the marts of trade in this western world. Notwithstanding all the causes which have operated to depress the industry of the country within a few years past, we believe that Boston is yet destined to be a commercial capital, that will attract to its warehouses and manufactories the traders and merchants who seek supplies for the millions of those who people the vast northern and western regions of our country.—*Courier.*

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE. The American Sentinel states that, in Philadelphia, less than a fortnight since, Bishop Kenrick, of the Catholic Church, made an appeal to the Catholics of that city, on the subject of temperance, which has been responded to in all the Catholic Churches; and that powerful discourses have been delivered to immense congregations, and the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks has already been subscribed by many hundreds of persons. In St Joseph's church, on Sunday evening last, the Rev. Dr. Moriarty addressed a multitude of more than three thousand persons, depicting, in words of burning severity, the character, degradation, and prospects of the intemperate; and the baleful influence of this vice upon the Catholic church, as well as upon the community at large. He considered that all the abuse and falsehood, and slanders of her enemies, availed little to discredit the church, in comparison with the conduct of those in the church, who abandoned themselves to the low pleasures of the cup. Immediately after the address, the pledge was publicly presented for subscription, and about 270 persons gave in their names. These, with 240 pledges obtained at a former meeting, make a total in St Joseph's church of 510 names. In St. Augustine's church, the number exceeds 600. It is said further, that a number of Catholics, who have hitherto been venders of liquor, have within a few days determined to relinquish the business.—*Boston Courier.*

The following appropriate notices of two valuable publications are from the Providence Journal. The former, by a Christian Layman, we have referred to before, and repeat the wish that it may be extensively circulated.

The letter, by Mr Folsom, must be read we are sure with great interest, and cannot fail to produce a deep impression on the mind of all candid inquirers for truth.

THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, *and the Holy Spirit, in the relation to God, the Father. By Nathaniel S. Folsom.*

The Rev. Mr Folsom, the author of this pamphlet has been well and favorably known in this community as active in many good works, and especially as a Pastor of the High Street Church, in which office he had won the respect and confidence and strong affection of his parishioners. It was lately rumored that he had rejected some of his former convictions, especially as regards the doctrine of the Trinity. The report, it seems, was true, and he has retired from his pastoral connection amongst us. From this pamphlet we learn that he has rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, 'as maintained in all orthodox creeds.' It is intended to set forth by argument and an extended examination of scriptural texts the grounds upon which his change of opinions rests. It is ably written, in a fine, clear style, and a spirit well becoming a minister of Christ. It can hardly fail to attract the attention of many readers in our city, where the character of its author stands deservedly high; and where so many hearts have been accustomed to respond to his serious and earnest appeals from the pulpit. We understand that he is now ministering to the Unitarian church at Augusta, Maine.

THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN; *or the doctrine of the Trinity fully considered, and adjudged according to the Bible. By a Christian Layman.*

This is a very interesting work, and full of information drawn from ecclesiastical history, relative to the important question which it examines. It is said to be written by a lawyer of the Massachusetts bar, but who for several years has resided in the Southwestern part of our country. In his introduction he says: 'It is my design, to bring forward and display *all* the testimony of God, which can have any relation, either directly or indirectly, to my subject; together with the various and different arguments and explanations used concerning the same,'—and again: —'It is my most ardent desire to discourage and do away, as much as possible, all differences, divisions, controversies and unkind feelings, that now unhappily prevail, to unite all professors as a band of brothers, so that, as Christ prayed, they all may be one, as he and the Father are one; and that it may be said of all, with admiration and praise—'see how these Christians love one another!' And I do seriously hope, that all the churches on earth, which are now, nominally, almost innumerable, may be united in one general church, headed by the same glorious name, the only name by which salvation can be obtained—and be called the *Christian* church, or the church of Christ on earth; that all the names of different sects may be laid aside, and that there may be but one denomination known among Christians, which should be that of Biblists, or Scripturalists. Should I be the means in any degree, of promoting any of these objects, I shall feel happy; though, at nearly threescore years and ten, I cannot surely expect, or look for, an earthly reward.'

It is refreshing to take up a book like this, written by a Layman—able from his education to go to the original sources of information—but writing, and commenting upon Scripture, with entire freedom from any of the mannerism of the clergy. The book bears abundant marks of very patient and diligent research, and is written in a very serious and Christian spirit. It is well worth the examination of every inquirer after truth.—Well does the author say in closing it, 'the religion of Christ is rejected, on account of the misrepresentations of it. If it were always represented in its purity, simplicity, mildness, and in all its loveliness, it would be received universally, men would see that it was as necessary for their souls, as food for their bodies. I do therefore, consider this subject of vast importance. It is now as necessary to establish and maintain the true doctrines of the Gospel, as it was in Copernicus's day to establish the true planetary system; —yea, infinitely more so. It is most important that all Christians, all intelligent human beings should come to the rescue of the Gospel, that they should free it from all creeds, catechisms, confessions, decrees, and institutions of human invention; that they should place no reliance upon them; but form their faith and doctrines, and govern their lives by the Holy Scriptures only. Let them not give up the Bible. It is a safe and glorious ship, for the transportation of immortals through the short, tempestuous voyage of life, into the peaceful haven of everlasting felicity!'

F. A. F.

Later from Europe. The Packet Ship Sheffield, at New-York, brings London dates to June 4th—We quote a few passages from papers received.

There was a savage riot at Limerick, in Ireland, on the 1st of June. The people came down in immense numbers, carrying poles with loaves stuck on them, and shouting "down with the forestallers."—They seized a number of carts and wagons, despoiled them of the vegetables and other provisions which they contained, and then bundled 16 of them into the river. A regiment of infantry could make no head against the rioters, and they were not dispersed until the artillery was brought to bear upon them.

The report of the death of the King of Prussia is stated by the London Times of June 4th to have been premature.

New successes were continually announced as having attended the movements of the Queen's troops in Spain, and the war was evidently drawing to a close.

It is stated that new complications have sprung up in the sulphur question, and that the British government had resolved on sending six ships of the line to Naples. A French squadron of the same force was also to proceed thither.

Admiral Baudin was to proceed to Buenos Ayres, clothed with military and diplomatic powers to terminate the differences with the Argentine Republic.

By advices from Constantinople to May 15, it appears that the Seraskier, Halil Pasha, brother-in-law to the Sultan, had been dismissed for some offence against morality, tending to bring the government into contempt.

Paris was visited on the 2d of June by a tremendous thunder storm, which still continued when the mail left.

The administration of the *pompes funebres* is now preparing the coffin which is to receive at St. Helena the mortal remains of Napoleon. It is to be of solid ebony in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, and large enough to enclose the coffins in which the Emperor lies at St. Helena, so that his ashes may not be disturbed The funeral pall is in velvet strewed with gold bees, and bordered with a broad band of ermine; at each corner is to be placed an eagle, embroidered in gold, and surmounted with the imperial crown.

Lord Durham arrived at Dover on the 3d, but was too unwell to continue his journey, and had taken apartments for a week.

From the Liverpool Standard, June 5.

We perceive from our shipping intelligence that the Thomas Coults, which sailed from China on the 4th of February, had reached the Cape of Good Hope, on her way to London. She has brought intelligence that the Chinese were determined to resist all attempts at accommodation, excepting on their own terms. They had purchased some European ships, with the intention of arming and manning them for the approaching war with Great Britain. The next overland mail, which may be daily expected to reach England, will probably contain some very important intelligence—to a much later date.

Jews of Constantinople.—Mr Goodell missionary at Constantinople in a recent letter states that there is at present great excitement among Jews. That the chief rabbies had led them to expect that according to their books the Messiah must absolutely appear sometime during the present year. As several months of the year have passed, and there are as yet no signs of his coming they begin to have misgivings about his coming, and some are ready to confess that Jesus is He. A learned rabbi said to Mr G. 'If you ask *me, I say he has come;* and if you will show me a safe place I will show you 10,000 Jews to-morrow who will make the same confession.'

They seem inclined to confess Christ but have not yet the spirit that would enable them to do it in the face of worldly advantages.

Education in Iceland.—The fourth number of the 'Pictorial Geography,' gives us the following statement under this head: 'There is no other country in which so great an amount of knowledge is diffused as in Iceland; that is, so universally diffused. And yet there is on the island but one school—and that is designed, chiefly, for such as are to fill offices in church and state. The education is strictly domestic, and no one acquires any that he does not get at home. The extent to which it is carried is scarcely credible. It is not uncommon to hear a youth quote a Greek or Latin author; and in almost every hut, there is some person capable of conversing well upon subjects, far above the understanding of those of the same grade in other countries. The Icelanders are not only familiar with their own history and literature, but they are in a great degree conversant with those of other nations. It is surprising to hear these self-taught people conversing on subjects that belong to a professor's chair. Among other instances of this wonderful diffusion of education, Dr Benderson relates, that he was reading to a common person a letter, addressed by the king of Persia to the English Envoy, concerning a version of the New Testament. The date was 1229; and a little boy remarked that it must be a very old letter. 'No,' said the peasant, 'it was not written according to our computation, but it was dated from the *Hegira.*

The Late East India Squadron.—The United States frigate Columbia and corvette John Adams, which arrived at Boston on the 15th ultimo, were absent from the United States a little more than two years, having left Hampton Roads on the 6th of May, 1838. During that time they visited Arabia, India, Ceylon, Sumatra, China, the North and South Pacific Islands, and South America on the East and West. The voyage is said to have been one of great variety and interest. A number of missionary stations of the American Board of Foreign Missions were visited, and the benevolent purposes of the missionaries encouraged by the general commendation and approval which the officers of the squadron manifested towards the missionaries themselves; who, in turn every where tendered to the officers a welcome and hospitality —and the missionaries, on visiting the ships, were always received by the officers with attention and courtesy. Midshipman Morris attached to the John Adams, was left at the Sandwich Islands, in one of these missionary families; being in a decline, and soothed by the kind attentions of this family, he breathed his last among friends, though afar from kindred. He now sleeps in that lovely Isle of the Seas, instead of courting the deep tides of the ocean. Dr. and Mrs Judd were the friends with whom young Morris was left; and he died with a resignation that springs from a hope that his spirit was reconciled to God through a Redeemer. We understand that the history of the cruise, embracing considerable incident, both of a political and religious nature, with scenes of private interest, has been prepared by the Rev. Mr Taylor, of the Episcopal Church, who accompanied the force as chaplain to the squadron. Though there seems to have been an unusual mortality among the crews of the two vessels, we learn that every practicable attention was given them; and it is believed that the impression which the squadron left in the East, and among the Islands, has been most creditable to the nation and to the cause of morals and religion, in the general character it has sustained while abroad. The ships were admired for their respective beauties, as fine models of their class, and for the neatness and order in which they were invariably preserved. We wish our squadrons may always bring home as good a report as we have reason to believe will be given of this interesting cruise round the world.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

JERUSALEM.—A letter from Jerusalem says—"The building of the Protestant chapel proceeds rapidly. For the present a house is hired. The English church Liturgy is translated into Hebrew, and printed, and the missionary Nikolayson performs divine service, with his assistant Pient. Of 400 Jews, 100 have embraced Christianity. An institution for converts has been established by the English Missionary Society, and a Hebrew Prayer-Book is to be published. The English Consul endeavors to engage the Jews to cultivate the land of their fathers, under the favor of Mehemet Ali, and considerable quantities of land have been purchased for foreign emigrants. It is said, there is somewhere a Talmudic saying, that when there shall be 25,000 Jewish inhabitants in the Holy land, the laws and regulations must be again enforced, which prevailed when Palestine was a Jewish state. The Rabbis in Turkey are endeavoring to complete the above number by colonists, which doubtless will not be difficult under the powerful protection of England. Some rich Jews in London and Italy intend to establish factories and manufactories in Jerusalem and some other considerable towns under the protection of England. The English Government has appointed a Vice Consul at Jerusalem for all Palestine.—[Hamburgh Correspondent, May 14.]

The London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews—On the 8th of May, the thirty-second annual meeting of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews took place at Exeter Hall, London. Sir Thomas Barring, Bart. M. P. occupied the chair, and among the noblemen and gentlemen on the platform were observed the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Dr. Marsh, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Sir George Rose, Bart., M. P. several leading members, recently of the Jewish persuasion, who had been converted to Christianity, &c.

The Secretary, the Rev. J. B. Cartwright, read the report for the past year. The aggregate amount of subscriptions was £22,420 8s 7d, being an increase of £4915 9s 9d, above the receipts of the previous year. Missionary establishments were in course of establishment at Jerusalem and other parts of the world, at the head of which the committee deemed it advisable to place clergymen of the Church of England, and converts who were acquainted with the Hebrew language and Rabbinical writings. With a view to facilitate this object, the establishment of a Hebrew college had been deemed indispensable, and Doctor McCall having accepted its management, four candidates had been admitted on the previous day; 3370 Bibles, 627 Testaments, and 12,000 other books and tracts had been distributed among the Jews during the past year, and translations of them into Dutch and other languages had been effected for distribution among the Jews of Holland and other foreign nations

The baptismal register of the Episcopal Jews' Chapel showed that 360 individuals of the Jewish nation had been received into the church of Christ, 211 having been baptized in the chapel, and 79 previous to its having been opened for divine service, and there were now at least eight clergymen of the Church of England who were of the Jewish nation, and 23 missionaries and agents of the society who are converts from Judaism. The school at the present time consisted of 49 boys and 27 girls. The report adverted to their missionary establishment and Protestant church, in the course of erection at Jerusalem, with a view to calling back the children of Israel to the land of their forefathers, and urged upon the meeting, as Christians, to continue their powerful aid in so good and righteous a cause. The Bishop of Ripon moved the adoption of the report. The Rev. James Haldane Stewart seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously, and the Rev. Hugh Stowell and other eminent divines and gentlemen addressed the meeting. Resolutions in support of its objects were unanimously carried, and a vote of thanks having been passed to the chairman, subscriptions were entered into a large amount, and the meeting separated.

Egypt.—Mr Waghorn, an English gentleman who has much connexion with Egypt, thus writes in a communication to the Editor of the London Times:—

Egypt, under Mehemet Ali, has already become a secondary power, and from its central position as regards our Eastern interests, to my thinking, is likely to become much greater. Already is Egypt more powerful by land and sea than Spain and Portugal put together.

The general opinion of England appears to me in error with respect to Egypt,—it thinks that the power of Egypt will die with Mehemet Ali. No, it will not. Mehemet Ali has one son, Ibrahim, aged 46, commander-in-chief of his armies, every way qualified to carry out his father's enlightened views;—another son, Said Bey, aged 19, commanding a ship of 80 guns, is also promising; a grandson, Abbas Pasha, aged 28, Governor of Cairo, the post of trust, next to the command of the armies. There are many of the great men of Egypt, married and intermarried into the female branches of Mehemet Ali's family, and he has several grandchildren, who are sons of Ibrahim and Abbas Pasha before named. All these are brought up to, and at a proper age are sworn to maintain the regenerating principles of Egypt, and certainly, they are all fitting to succeed Mehemet Ali.

During my sojourn in Egypt off and on, since 1829, (eleven years,) I have seen its rise, and monthly can trace fresh proof of its further rise.

The resources of that country are very great, the soil even of which has always belonged to the governing authority, since sold to it by its people in the days of Pharaoh, as proved by the 47th chapter of Genesis, from the 20th to 24th verses. As then, so it has been through all Egyptian, Roman, and succeeding dynasties, till now; and this, and no other cause, has kept up the wretchedness of its inhabitants in those successive generations, because the people have always been slaves to its soil for the benefit of the *government*, and not *themselves.*

Within the last year, Mehemet Ali, even in a state of warfare, has begun to alter this. There are now English and French farms in Egypt, farming portions of its lands, varying from 10,000 to 3,000 acres; and if the Pasha could only be relieved from his warlike attitude, I have heard him often declare, that freedom of the soil to the Egyptian people should be the signal of relief and happiness to them.

I have a conviction that there is only one way left to keep the Turkish empire from falling into the hands of Russia, which is, to place Mehemet Ali and the Sultan in amity once more. Then the regeneration of Turkey will follow, without which (to me) it appears hopeless. Weighty considerations also call upon us to keep this rising power of Egypt as our friend and ally, for the present and the future. Not only ought we to act in a much more courteous manner towards Mehemet Ali, but we ought to give a helping hand, and in many ways we can do so, from our civilized country to our brethren the Arabs of the desert of Egypt, &c., once our foes, now our friends. Who ever thought these wild men could be tamed by the Pasha's rule, so as to afford even servile attentions to our countrywomen and their children passing over them? But enough of this subject, for I know it is unpalatable to many, that Mehemet Ali's merits, and his regenerating principles of government, should be publicly known.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Joseph Lincoln, Jr., to Miss Elizabeth Neville.

In Walpole, N. H., on the 6th inst., by Rev. William Silsbee, Hudson E. Bridge, Esq., of St. Louis, Missouri, to Miss Isabella E. Holland, of Walpole.

In New York, on Wednesday morning, July 1st, by Rev. H. W. Bellows, Mr Henry Spear to Miss Sophia H., eldest daughter of J. B. Whitman, Esq., all of New York city.

DEATHS.

At Sutton, Mr Daniel Sibley, a Revolutionary pensioner, 83.

At Sterling, 23d inst., Mrs Nancy, wife of Moses Thomas, Esq., 70.

In New York city, on the 27th ult., very suddenly, Joseph Lathrop, Esq., of Cambridge, formerly of Westboro, Mass., 42.

At his residence, Mount Holly, N. J., 20th inst., in his 80th year, Hon. William Russell. He was for many years an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, which he resigned upon receiving the appointment of an U. States District Judge, under the Presidency of J. Q. Adams.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, by J. D. Fuss, Professor in the University of Liege, translated from the last edition. 1 vol. 8vo. Just Received by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, importers of Foreign Books. 112 Washington street. jy 11

NEW BOOKS.—The Quiet Husband, by Miss Pickering, author of The Knight, Non Darrell, &c., 2 vols—Combe on Infancy, edited by J. Belt, 1 vol.

Also a fresh supply of Mrs Hemans' Poetical Works, 7 vols—Memoir of Mrs Hemans by her sister, Mrs Hughes, 1 vol—Cousin Geoffry, the Old Bachelor, edited by Theodore Hook, 2 vols—Washington Irving's Works, complete in 2 vols—Picciola, by M. D. Saintine, &c. &c. Just received and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street. jy 11

MR MOTTE'S Sermon.—This day published by B. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street, 'A Sermon on the invention of the art of Printing,' delivered at the South Congregational Church, June 28, 1840. By Rev. Mellish Irving Motte. 3t jy11

THE INSTABILITY OF MINISTERIAL LIFE—A Discourse delivered in Bulfinch Street Church, on taking leave of the society, May 24th 1840. By Rev. Paul Dean. To which is appended Mr Dean's letter and the proceedings of the Society. Printed by request. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. jy 11

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Mr Simmons' Sermons on the kind treatment and on the Emancipation of Slaves. Preached at Mobile, on Sunday the 10th and Sunday the 17th of May 1840. With a prefatory statement. By Geo. F. Simmons.

Guizot's Essay on the character and influence of Washington. Translated from the French.

Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily.

The Monthly Chronicle of events, discoveries, improvements and opinions. Illustrated with maps; No 3. Just published. For sale by SIMPKIN'S, 21 Tremont Row. jy 11

HISTORY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT for fifty years from March 1289 to March 1839. In one vol. By Alden Bradford. Just published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. jy 11

FRANKLIN ACADEMY IN NORTH ANDOVER.—The Second Term of the Female department in this Institution, will commence on Wednesday, the 22d inst.

Per order of the Trustees, B. LORING.
july 11

BEAN'S ADVICE—Cheap—The Christian Minister's Affectionate Advice to a New Married Couple, by Rev. James Bean, A. M. Price 12 1-2 cents by the dozen. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. jy 11

MICHAUX'S SYLVA.—The North American Sylva, or a description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia, considered particularly with respect to their use in the Arts, and their introduction into commerce; to which is added a description of the most useful of the European Forest Trees. Illustrated by 156 colored engravings. Translated from the French of N. Andrew Michaux, 3 vols royal 8vo. One copy in fine order for sale low, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. july 11

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—For sale at reduced prices a large assortment of well selected books for Teachers and Sabbath School Libraries. Boston Bookstore 134 Washington st. july 11

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.—C. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street, have this day received by the Josephine—Berenger, Chansons, 4v; Code de Conversation; Code Civil; Code de l'Amour; Gil Blas, illustree par Granneville; Brunet, Manual du Libraire, 4v 8vo; Paul de Kock, Moems Parisienne, 2v; La Jolie Fille de Faubourg, 2v; Dumas, Balzac, Sand, La Martine; Voltaire, Œuvres; Tutti Frutti; Thierre, Histoire de la Conquete de l'Angleterre; Foy, Hist. de la Peninsule; Thiers, Hist. de la Revolution Francaise, 4v 8vo; De Potter, Hist. de la Christianisme, 8v 8vo Les Evangeles illustree, 8vo; Memorial de l'Artillerie 4v 8vo. et Atlas, 4to; Violette, Manipulations Chimiques: Carns, Anatomie Comparee, 2v 8vo. et Atlas, 4to; Boyer, Dictionnaire par Harmoniere, 8vo; General Stud Book, 4v 8vo; Langunge des Fleurs; Sands Spiridion; Puckler Muskau, Chroniques, Lettres et Journal, 5v 18mo; Code Gourmand, Sismondi's Histoire des Francais—16 vols; do do des Republiques Italiennes des Moyen Age —8vols, 8vo—Hugo—Les Chants des Crepuscule—&c. &c. &c june 20.

JOHN LINDLEY'S School Botany, or an explanation of the characters and differences of the principal natural classes and orders of plants, &c. English edition. Just published, and for sale at TICKNOR'S 135 Washington street. june 6

NEW BOOKS.—The Young Maiden—Proverbial Philosophy—Barnap's Lectures to Young Men—Hints to Sunday School Teachers—Prof. Palfrey's Centenial discourse at Barnstable. Just received and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS 21 Tremont Row. may 30

BIBLES AND BOOKS OF COMMON PRAYER.—Bibles, splendid Oxford editions, printed at the University Press, and elegantly bound in the most superior style of London workmanship. English 4to Bible, extra gilt—Pica royal 8vo do do do—Brevier Bible, demy, 8vo, do—Minion do Crown, 8vo, with references, extra gilt—Ruby do 24mo, with flexible back—Pearl do do do do do, and clasps—Minion do do do do do, morocco, extra gilt. Also, a few copies of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, 4to. elegantly bound in full morocco, gilt, &c.—Tyndale's Testament—the Book of Common Prayer, Philadelphia and New York editions, in great variety of bindings. Also, a few Orford copies. For sale by C. C. CITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112, Washington street. june 20.

RICH SILKS, &C.—E. F. NEWHALL, 141 Washington street, has just received, 2 Cases Rich Figured and Striped Silks, blue black and fashionable light colors.
1 Case Fine Granite and Rich Silks.
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EDWARDS ON THE WILL.—An Inquiry into the Modern prevailing notions respecting that freedom of will which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Rewards and Punishments &c. &c. By Jonathan Edwards. New edition. Just published; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. jy 11

BRADFORD'S FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—History of the Federal Government for fifty years from March 1789 to March 1839 by Alden Bradford L. L. D. 8vo. Just published; for sale by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. jy 11

ENGLISH THEOLOGICAL WORKS.—Dr Prices Dissertations on Providence, Prayer, &c. 8vo.
Sir Isaac Newton on the Corruptions of Scripture
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Hartley on the Worth of the Christian Religion
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Farmer on Miracles
Farmer on Demoniacs
Yates Vindication of Unitarianism
Haynes on the Attributes and Worship of God
Acton's Lectures on the Offices of Christ
Select Sermons of Price and Priestly
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POETRY.

GOOD NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Good night, my father dear!
Thou com'st from thy labor full weary and worn—
But peaceful and calm is the cottager's slumber,
No care for the morrow thy dreams shall encumber,
But, till the lark shall arouse thee at morn,
Good night!

Good night, my mother dear!
Thy lullaby has oft my sorrows beguiled—
Now may our God have thee in his good keeping,
Angels watch over thee while thou art sleeping,
Soothing to repose by the voice of thy child—
Good night!

Good night, brother, mine!
Soft be thy rest, as if pillowed on flowers;
Sleeping or waking, God keep thee from sorrow!
Sweet is their parting who meet on the morrow;—
Ever, dear brother, such parting be ours;
Good night!

Good night, sister sweet!
Thou hast been long with the flowers at play;
Hie to thy couch for thy eye-lids are winking;
And see where the moon, as to rest she is sinking,
Smiles on my sister, and seemeth to say—
Good night!

Good night, beloved one!
Bright be the visions sleep bringeth to thee—
Heaven shield thee from ill till the night hours are over;
All gentle spirits above thy rest hover,
Whispering ever, beloved of me,
Good night!

Good night, dear ones all!
No heart feeleth sad that we part for a while;
Then, at our last parting, oh! let us not sorrow,
Since we know, dearest friends, we shall meet on the morrow;
But as life's evening closes, repeat with a smile,
Good night!

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER THROUGH THE WOOD.

The green leaves as we pass
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by their side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grow green and silken where the wood paths wind—
Alas! for thee, sweet mother! thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's purple light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas! sweet mother! for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencil'd passing well.
And the swift birds on glorious pinions flee—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou seest them not!

But thou canst *hear!* and love
May richly on a human tone be pour'd,
And the least cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak, thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while!

Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
With *but one sense the soul may overflow.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

EARTHQUAKES.

The terrible effects of earthquakes have attracted attention in every age, and records of some such convulsions have descended to us from very remote ages. No period of our earth's history has been more noted for the violence and extent of earthquakes, than that between the first, third, and the middle of the fourteenth century. China was terribly convulsed for ten years from 1333, when Kiang-si, its capital, was swallowed up; mountains were engulphed, and floods, occasioned by the obstruction of the course of rivers, destroyed vast multitudes of human beings. The concussions extended westward, and Asia Minor and Egypt were violently shaken in 1346; while in the following year severe earthquakes were experienced in Cyprus, Greece, and Italy. In 1692, the Island of Jamaica was visited by a most terrible earthquake, in which enormous masses of earth and rock were detached from the Blue Mountains, and vast quantities of timber, hurled from their flanks, covered the adjacent sea, like floating islands. It was during this earthquake, that the city of Port Royal, with a tract of adjacent land estimated at 1000 acres, sunk in one minute into the deep. In the succeeding year, great earthquakes in Sicily destroyed the city of Catana, and 140 other towns and villages in that island, where 100,000 persons perished. In 1746, Lower Peru suffered severely from this calamity. The ocean burst in upon the land with irresistible force, when the barrier of land sunk into the sea. Lima was overwhelmed, and the present port of Callao formed.

These convulsions were accompanied by eruptions of water and mud from several volcanoes among the Andes. In 1750, the city of Conception, in Chili, disappeared during an earthquake, and the sea rolled over it. In 1755, Lisbon was in a great measure destroyed by one of the most terrible earthquakes that ever visited Europe. The mountain chains between the Douro and the Tagus were most dreadfully convulsed. The new Mole at Lisbon, to which multitudes had fled, as to a place of safety, suddenly sunk into an hideous abyss, and not one body floated to the surface, nor were any fragments of the vessels sucked into the chasm rendered up, and on the spot there is now an hundred fathoms of water. In this awful convulsion at Lisbon, 60,000 persons perished in about six minutes. A violent shock threw down the greatest part of the city, and the sea retired; leaving the bar momentarily dry; but suddenly a mighty wave, fifty feet high, rolled in on the devoted city. The extent of the *terræ motus*, on this occasion, is very remarkable. The violence of the shocks, which were accompanied by a fearful subterranean noise, like the loudest thunder, was chiefly felt in Portugal, Spain, and Northern Africa; but its effects were perceived over a considerable part of Europe, and were even experienced in the West Indies. Our Scottish lakes, particularly Loch Ness and Loch Lomond, rose and fell repeatedly on that dreadful day. Ships at sea were affected by the shocks, as if they had struck on rocks, and their crews were, in some instances, thrown down by the violence of the concussion. In 1766, the Island of Trinidad and great part of Columbia, were violently agitated by earthquakes; an islet in the Oronoko disappeared, and land in other parts of the coast was raised above the waters. In 1772, the lofty volcano of Papandayang (the loftiest mountain in Java) disappeared, and an area around, fifteen miles by six, was swallowed up. Most terrible earthquakes desolated Calabria in 1783.

This calamity has been admirably described by several writers, among whom we may mention Dr Vivenzio Grimaldi, Sir William Hamilton, Dolomieu, and the commission of the Royal Academy of Naples. The violence of the shock was chiefly felt in the further Calabria, and in the neighborhood of Messina. The principal agitation was felt over an area of 500 square miles; many sudden sinkings of the land were perceived, numerous fissures were formed, and partial elevations were effected in some places. The greatest depressions happened at Terra Nueva, Oppido, Smopoli, and Santa Christina; a fissure a mile in length, and a hundred feet in depth, was formed at Cerzulle; and at La Tortuna, a chasm of a quarter of a mile in length, thirty feet in width, and two hundred and twenty-five in depth, suddenly opened in the ground. In some districts considerable mountain-slips, or the separation of huge masses of rock, took place; and along the Straits of Modena, in the neighbourhood of Scylla, the Cliff of Gian-Greco, a mile in length, was precipitated on the subjacent houses and gardens. A fragment detached by the earthquake from Monte Jaci, crushed multitudes who had fled to the shore for safety: and at the same moment a wave broke on the devoted shore, and swept away the aged Prince of Scylla, and numbers of his people.

In the year 1797, Upper Peru was terribly convulsed. The shocks of earthquakes continued with great violence for three months, and the face of the country in the centre of convulsion was totally changed. In 1811, violent earthquakes shook the Valley of the Mississippi, by which lakes of considerable extent disappeared, and new ones were formed; but these were less terrific than the catastrophe which destroyed the city of Caraccas, in 1812. On the 26th of March, there were heard subterraneous thunderings; the ground undulated as if agitated by the boiling liquid, and at one shock this fine city entombed in its ruins 10,000 of its inhabitants. During the earthquake the lake at Maracaibo had its level lowered, and the riven earth at Puerto Cabello and Valencia poured forth enormous torrents of water. It is remarkable, that the volcano at St. Vincent, which had been perfectly quiescent for a century, burst with prodigious violence on the 27th of April in the same year, and threw out clouds of ashes, which rose to an immense height in the air. Much of the island was ruined by showers of scoriæ and ashes; and such was the violence of the eruption, that the decks of vessels 20 miles to windward of St. Vincent were covered with an impalpable dust. On the day of this eruption, subterraneous thunderings were distinctly heard at Caraccas, and even on Rio Apure, 210 leagues in a right line from St. Vincent.

In the eruption of Tomboro, the earthquake extended throughout an area of a thousand miles in diameter; a considerable tract of land at the foot of the mountains disappeared in the waves, and the port of Lima, where ships of war could formerly anchor, was ruined by the upraising of a shoal. On the 19th of November, 1822, Chili was visited by a most destructive earthquake. The shock was strongly felt at the same time, throughout a line of coast 1200 miles in extent. It is stated, on good authority, that the coast for 100 miles sustained an elevation of from two to four feet; and about a mile inland from Valparaiso it was raised from six to seven feet. The sudden elevation of the coast was indicated by shell fish being found adherent to the rocks considerably above high water mark. The shocks continued until the end of September in the following year; and the area over which the permanent alteration of level extended, is believed to embrace the country from the base of the Andes to the sea, a surface of no less than 100,000 square miles. In 1827, Popaya and Bogota suffered most severely from earthquakes, during which vast fissures opened in the elevated plains around the latter city.

The last earthquake in Europe occurred in Murcia, in 1820, near Alicante. Several villages, in an area of about four square miles, were thrown by vertical movements in the valley through which the Rio Segura flows, and many small fissures were formed in the alluvial soil; while black mud, sand, and marine shells were thrown up from small cavities formed near the sea. Such are some of the severer earthquakes on record; but less considerable shocks are of frequent occurrence in various countries, especially in South America and Italy. Smart shocks are occasionally felt in Scotland. They have often occurred at Comrie, in Perthshire. A smart shock rent the spire on the town hall of Inverness, in the year 1816; and another earthquake was felt at Lancaster, in 1834, which shattered the chimnies and alarmed the inhabitants. But all the shocks experienced in our Island have been insignificant compared with those which have been felt in many other countries.—*Dr Tait's Physical Geography.*

A VICTIM AND HIS CHILD.

We occasionally find a capital Police Report in the St. Louis Bulletin. On a recent occasion a bloated being, named Johnson, by profession an actor, was found drunk in the streets by a good hearted sailor, who in vain attempted to win him from his vile ways and evil companions. Johnson continued to drink, until he fell to the ground like a beast, when the following scene ensued:

'Just as they were about removing the miserable wretch to prison, a little girl, about eight years old, barefooted and extremely ragged, came into the room sobbing and crying most bitterly. No sooner did she see her father than she ran to him, knelt down by his side, and motioning the officers away, cried, 'don't take away pa while he sleeps! By and by he will wake up once more and kiss me.' It was a sight to wring the heart of more than man to see that pure and innocent creature, with her little head bare and her white shoulders peeping out from her tattered frock, leaning with fond affection over her drunken father, as if her affection strengthened with the unworthiness of its object. At length the sailor came forward, and speaking kindly to the little girl, took her away in his arms, and wrapped her little feet carefully in the skirt of his coat. The brutish father by this time snoring in complete and disgusting insensibility, was then taken to the guard house, for the purpose of sobering him.

This morning, after manifesting some symptoms of that most dreadful of all diseases—*mania potu*, he seemed to regain his senses in a measures, and confessed having been drunk. 'I was not,' said he, 'always the miserable wretch to which drunkenness has reduced me. I was once respected by friends, and beloved by my family. But I contracted bad habits, which got so strong a hold upon my nervous temperament as to make a beast of me. My business was neglected, and my wife died, I do verily believe, of a broken heart. Since that time, I have wandered around the world without end or aim, except to procure whiskey! I have yet a daughter—at least, I had yesterday—a beautiful, tender creature, who still loves me despite my unworthiness.'

At this moment the benevolent sailor entered the room, leading the girl by the hand. He had dressed her with new and comfortable clothes, and she looked really very pretty and interesting. After learning that a small fine had been imposed upon Johnson, he immediately paid it, and leading the little girl forward, placed her in her father's arms. The poor man sobbed over her as if he had been an infant; and for our part, we do not believe there was a dry eye in the room. The three left the room together, and we sincerely hope that this lesson will work a thorough reformation upon the unhappy and degraded man.'

[From the German.]

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

In the beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle, a noble gentleman, whom we call Baron———. The baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened, on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying, 'Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?'

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle and ground, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall.

The gentleman admired the picture very much; and said, 'Whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil.'

'My son drew that picture,' said the baron.

'Then your son is a very clever man,' replied the gentleman.

The baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

'Who has the ordering of this garden?' asked the gentleman.

'My son,' replied the baron; 'he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall.'

'Indeed,' said the gentleman, 'I shall think very highly of him soon.'

The baron then took him into the village and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, where he caused all young children who had lost their parents, to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, 'what a happy man you are to have so good a son.'

'How do you know I have so good a son?'

'Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both good and clever if he has done all you have shown me.'

'But you have never seen him.'

'No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works.'

'You do! and now please to draw near this window, and tell me what you observe.'

'Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the finest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods. I see pasture grounds and orchards and vineyards; and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages scattered here and there.'

'And do you see any thing to be admired in all this? Is there any thing pleasant, or lovely, or cheerful in all that is spread before you?'

'Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?' said the gentleman somewhat angrily, 'that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?'

'Well then,' said the baron, 'if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, which are impure and imperfect, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handy works as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have lost the use of your senses.'

THE LAND LEECH AND THE FIRE FLY OF CEYLON.

'On our return to the rest-house, we commenced divesting ourselves of the leeches, and then tried to staunch the bleeding of their wounds; we had been warned against plucking off these creatures forcibly and suddenly, as tending to irritate the wound; but we found that touching them with brandy instantly made them drop off; salt, gunpowder, or lime-juice, produced the same effect, but not quite so quickly. The Ceylon land leech is incredibly numerous on the hills, and such parts of the interior as are exempt from a long continuance of dry weather; they are of a brown color; their usual size is about three fourths of an inch in length, and one-tenth of an inch in diameter; they can, however, stretch themselves to two inches in length, and then are sufficiently small to pass through the stitches of a stocking. They move quickly, are difficult to kill, and it is impossible to divert them from their bloody purpose; for in pulling them from your legs they stick to your hands, and fix immediately on touching the skin, as they are free from the scruples and caprice which is sometimes so annoying in their medicinal brethren. They draw a great deal of blood; and this, with considerable itching, and sometimes slight inflammation, is the extent of annoyance which their bites give to a man in good health; but animals suffer more severely from their attacks, and sheep will not thrive in pastures where there are leeches.

'At Hangwella, I was delighted with the softness of the scene, and the wondrous blaze of the fire flies; as the breeze shook them from the dark foliage, and they again strove to gain the shelter of the surrounding trees. Nothing can be imagined more enchanting than the refreshing coolness and beauty of the nights as you approach the mountains in the interior of Ceylon; for even if the surpassing lustre of the moon and stars be obscured by clouds, the innumerable fire flies, with brilliancy only inferior to the lights of heaven, serve to realize all those ideas which fancy forms of fairy land. The brilliancy of the fire fly was on one occasion the cause of an accident to a gentleman who, on emerging from the heat of a mess room, imagined a fire fly, which started before him to be a lanthron borne by a servant: the eccentric motions of the insect were set down by the master as the vagaries of the domestic, until a volley of oaths and a rush at the refractory bearer, were cut short by a headlong plunge into the cold lake of Kandy.'

ASTRONOMY.

In the report of John Quincy Adams on the Smithsonian Bequest, occurs the following passage describing the beauty and sublimity of the science of Astronomy:

'The express object of an observatory is the *increase* of knowledge by *new discovery*. The physical relations between the firmament of heaven and the globe allotted by the Creator of All to be the abode of man, are discoverable only by the organ of the eye. Many of these relations are indispensable to the existence of human life, and, perhaps, of the earth itself. Who can conceive the idea of a world without a sun, but must connect it with the extinction of light and heat, of all animal life, of all vegetation and production, leaving the lifeless clod of matter to return to its primitive state of chaos, or to be consumed by elemental fire? The influence of the moon—of the planets, our next door neighbors of the solar system—of the fixed stars, scattered over the blue expanse in multitudes exceeding the power of human computation, and at distances of which Imagination herself can form no distinct conception—the influence of all these upon the globe which we inhabit, and upon the condition of man, its dying and deathless inhabitant, is great and mysterious, and, in the search for final causes, in a great degree inscrutable to his finite and limited faculties. The extent to which they are discoverable, is, and must remain unknown; but, to the vigilance of a sleepless eye, to the toil of a tireless hand, and to the meditation of a thinking, combining, and analyzing mind, secrets are successively revealed, not only of the deepest import to the welfare of man in his earthly career, but which seem to lift him from the earth to the threshold of the eternal abode—to lead him blindfold up to the council chamber of Omnipotence; and there, stripping the bandage from his eyes, bid him look undazzled at the Throne of God.'

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.

JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirtieth edition of 'A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,' by Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

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The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns. No farther alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington street (up stairs.) j 6

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